What is Love?

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What is Love?

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Will is depressed and Hannibal shows him he is loved.

Notes

It been a long day and I just need to write not necessarily my exact feelings but I need an output at the moment. So, this might be a horrible, dumb story but idgaf right now.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal walked into the bathroom where Will had been for the past hour. Will was sitting in the bath tub with a razor, tears streaming down his face. Hannibal ran to the tub and pulled the razor out of his hand. Will put his face in his hands, "I couldn't do it. I'm weak"

Hannibal dropped the blade in the sink and pulled the plug on the tub, "Your not weak, Will"

"Yes I am I even messed up cutting myself because I was to afraid of the pain," More tears ran down Will's face, "And now you probably hate me"

Hannibal wrapped Will up in his arms, "I could never hate you."

Will sobbed against the doctor's neck. Hannibal carried him to their room and laid with him on the bed.

"We need to talk about this," Hannibal whispered. Will sighed, "Why?"

"Because you almost hurt yourself, Will. I love you and I would never want anything harm to come to you," Hannibal hugged him tighter. Will whipped his eyes, "I feel like everyone just tolerates me and nobody truly enjoys my company. A-and I'm sick of being a freak!"

"Oh, Will," Hannibal's eyes watered, "I love you, so does Miss Katz and Jimmy and Brian and Jack-"

"Jack?" Will looked skeptical. Hannibal laughed, "Yes, he sees you like the son he never had"

"He doesn't act like it very much," Will sighed.

"He's not very good at expressing his emotions properly," Hannibal laughed. Will nodded his agreement. Hannibal kissed his head. Will looked up at Hannibal, "Can I put clothes on?"

"I suppose," Hannibal sighed as he ran a hand across Will's bare buttocks. Will laughed softly, "It's only my boxers love. You can still touch my butt."

"And theirs another thing I would miss if you weren't around!" Hannibal smiled. Will quirked an eyebrow, "My butt or my sarcasm?"

"Both," Hannibal decided as he climbed off to bed to strip off his wet suit. Will threw his head back and laughed, a joyous sound that echoed of the walls. Hannibal smiled as he slid on his sleeping pants, "I'd miss that laugh as well"

"Maybe it's not as bad as my mind likes to tell me," Will smiled. Hannibal stepped over to Will and kissed him softly, "Now, that's something I like to hear."

Will pulled the blankets aside, pushed Hannibal onto the bed, cuddled up next to him, and pulled the blankets back over them. Will smiled, "I love you so much"

"I love you more," Hannibal smirked.

"I love you to the moon and back"

"I love you to Pluto and back."

And on they went laughing the more outrageous their "I love you"'s got.

End Notes

I feel better now.

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